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The Famous HISTORY of
TOM THUMB.

Wherein is declared,
His Marvellous Acts of Manhood.

Full of wonderful Merriment.

PART the FIRST.



Printed and Sold in London.

The Life of TOM THUMB.



Of the Parental Birth, and Education of
Tom Thumb, with all the merry Pranks
he played in his Childhood.

IN Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live,
A man of mickle might,
Who was the best of the table round,
And eke a worthy Knight.

in stature but an inch in height,

Or quarter of a span,

How think you that this worthy Knight

Was prov'd a valiant man?

His father was a ploughman plain,

His mother milk'd the cow,

And yet the way to get a son

This couple knew not how.

Until the time the good old man

To learned Merlin goes,

And there to him in deep distress,

In secret manner shews,

How in his heart he'd wish to have

A child in time to come,

To be his heir, tho' it might be

No bigger than his thumb.

Of this old Merlin then foretold

How he his wish should have,

And so a son of stature small,

This charm unto him gave:

No blood nor bones in him should be,

His shape it being such,

That he should hear him speak, but not

His wandering shadow touch.

But so unseen to overcome,

Whereas it pleased him,

Begat and born in half an hour,
For to fit his father's will.

And in four minutes grew so fast,
When he became as tall,
As was the ploughman's thumb in length,
And so she did him call

Tom Thumb, the which the fairy Queen
Did give him to his name,
Who, with her train of goblins grim,
Unto the christening came.

Then they cloathed him so fine and gay,
In garments rich and fair,
All which did serve him many years,
In seemly sort to wear.

His hat made of an oa' en leaf,
His shirt a spider's web,
Both light and soft for his fine limbs,
Which were so smally bred.

His hose and doublet thistle down,
Together weav'd full fine,
And stockings of the apple green,
Made out of the outer rind.

His garters were two little hairs,
Pluck'd from his mother's eye,
His shoes made of a mouse's skin,
And tann'd most curiously.

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Thus like a valiant gallant he
Did venture forth to go,
With other children in the street,
His pretty pranks to shew.

Where he for counters, pins, and points,
And cherry stones did play,
Till he amongst the gamesters young
Had lost his stock away.

Yet he could not the same renew,
When as most nimbly he,
Would dive into their cherry bags,
So their partakers be.

Unseen or felt by any one,
Until a scholar shut
The nimble youth into a box,
Wherein his pins were put.

Of whom to be reveng'd he took,
In mirth and pleasant game,
Black pots and glassess, which he hung
Upon a light sun beam.

The other boys did do the same,
In pieces tore him quite,
For which they were severely whipt,
For which he laugh'd outright.

And so Tom Thumb restrained was,
From this his sport and play,

And by his mother after that
Compell'd at home to stay.

Where about Christmas time,
His mother a hog had kill'd,
And Tom would see the pudding made,
For fear it should be spoil'd.



Of Tom's falling into the Pudding Bowl,
and his Escape out of the Tinker's
Budget.



HE sat the candle for to light,
Upon the pudding bowl,
Of which there is unto this day
A pretty story told.

For Tom fell in, and could not be
For some time after found,
For in the blood and batter he
Was lost, and almost drown'd.

And she not knowing of the same,
 Directly after that,
 Into the pudding stirr'd her son,
 Instead of minced fat.

Now this pudding of the largest size,
 Into the kettle thrown,
 Made all the rest to jump about,
 As with a whirlwind blown.

But so it tumbled up and down,
 Within the liquor there,
 As if the devil had been boil'd,
 Such was the mother's fear.



That up she took the pudding strait,
 And gave it at the door,
 Unto a tinker, which from thence
 He in his budget bore.

But as the Tinker climb'd the stile,
 He chanc'd to let a crack,
 How! good old man, cry'd Tom Thumb,
 Still hanging at his back.

At which the Tinker began to run,
 He would no longer stay,
 But cast both bag and pudding too
 Over the hedge away.

From whence poor Tom got loose at last,
 He home return'd again,
 And from great dangers long
 In safety did remain.

Until such time his mother went
 A milking of her kine,
 Where Tom unto a thistle fast
 She linked with a line.



Of Tom Thumb being tied to a Thistle, and
and of his Mother's Cow eating him up;
with his strange Deliverance out of the
Cow's Belly.



A Thread that held him to the same,
For fear the blustering wind
Would blow him thence, so as she might
Her son in safety find.

But mark the hap, a cow came by,
And up the thistle eat,
Poor Tom withal, who on a dock,
Was made the red cow's meat.

(II)

But being miss'd, his mother we .
Calling him every where,
Where art thou Tom, where art thou?
Quoth he, here mother, here ;

In the red cow's belly here,
Your son is swallow'd up ;
All which within her fearful heart
Much woeful dolar put.

Mean time the cow was troubl'd sore
In this her rumbling womb,
All which within her fearful heart
Had backwards cast Tom Thumb-

Now all besmeared as he was,
His mother took him up,
Now home to bear him hence, poor lad,
She in her apron put.



Tom Thumb is carried away by a Raven,
and swallowed up by a Giant; with se-
veral other strange Things that besel him.



NOW after this, in sowing time,
His father would him have
Into the field to drive the plough,
And therewithal him gave

A whip made of a barley straw,
For to drive the cattle on,
There in a furrow'd land new sown,
Poor Tom was lost and gone.

Now by a raven of great strength,

Away poor Tom was born,

And carried in a carrion's beak,

Just like a grain of corn.

Unto a giant's castle top,

Whereon he let him fall,

And soon the giant swallow'd up

His body, cloaths, and all.

But in his belly did Tom Thumb

So great a rumbling make

That neither night nor day he could

The smallest quiet take.

Until the giant him had spew'd

Full three miles in the sea,

Where a large fish soon took him up,

And bore him thence away.



The lusty fish was after caught,

So to King Arthur sent,

Where Tom was kept, being a dwarf,

Until his time was spent.

Long time he liv'd in jollity,
 Beloved of the court
 And none like Tom was so esteem'd
 Among the better sort.

Tom Thumb, by the Command of King
 Arthur, dances a Galliard on the Queen's
 left Hand.



AMONG the deeds of courtship done,
 His highness did command,
 That he should dance a galliard brave,
 Upon the Queen's left hand.

All which he did, and for the same,
 Our King his signet gave,

Which Tom about his middle wore,
Long time a girdle brave.

Behold it was a rich reward,
And given by the King,
Which to his praise and worthiness,
Did lasting honour bring.

For while he lived in the court,
His pleasant pranks were seen,
And he, according to report,
Was favour'd by the queen.



Tom rides a hunting with the King.



NOW after that the King he would
 Abroad for pleasure go,
 Yet still Tom Thumb must be with him,
 Plac'd on his saddle bow.

And on a time when as it rain'd,
 Tom Thumb most nimbly crept,

Into his button-hole where
He in his bosom slept,

And being near his Highness's heart,
Did crave a wealthy boon,
A noble gift, the which the King
Commanded should be done,

For to relieve his father's wants,
And mother's, being old.
It was as much of silver coin,
As well his arms could hold.

And so away goes lusty Tom.
With threepence at his back,
A heavy burden, which did make
His very bones to crack.

So travelling two days and nights,
In labour and great pain,
He came unto the house whereat
His parents did remain.

Which was but half a mile in space
From good King Arthur's court,
All this in eight and forty hours
He went in weary fort.

But coming to his father's door,
He there such entrance had,
As made his parents both rejoyce,
And he thereat was glad.

So his mother in her apron put
 Her gentle son in haste,
 And by the fire side within
 A walnut shell him plac'd.

And then they feasted him three days
 Upon a hazel nut,
 On which he rioted long,
 And them to charges put.

And thereupon grew wonderous sick,
 In eating so much meat,
 That was sufficient for a month
 For this great man to eat.

So when his business call'd him forth,
 King Arthur's court to see,
 From which no longer Tom, 'tis said,
 He could a stranger be.

But a few moist April drops,
 That settled on the way,
 His long and weary journey
 Did hinder and so stay,

Until this careful mother took
 A birding trunk in sport,
 And with one blast blew this her son
 Into King Arthur's court.

Of Tom's running a Tilt, with other Exercises performed by him.



THUS he at tilt and tournament
 ' Was entertained so,
 That all the rest of Arthur's Knights
 Did him much pleasure shew.

And good Sir Lancelot du Lake,
 Sir-Tristram and Sir Guy,
 Yet none compar'd to brave Tom Thumb
 In acts of chivalry.

In honour of which noble day,
 And for his Lady's sake,
 A challenge in King Arthur's court,
 Tom Thumb did bravely make.

Gainst whom the noble Knights did run,
 Sir Khion and and the rest,
 But yet Tom Thumb with all his might
 Did bear away the best.

Sir Launcelot du Lake at last
 In manly fort came in,
 So with this stout and hardy Knight
 A battle did begin.

Which made the courtiers all aghast,
 For there this valiant man,
 Thro' Launcelot's steed, before them all,
 With nimble manner ran.

Yet horse and all, with spear and shield,
 As hardly e'er was seen,
 But only by King Arthur's self,
 And his beloved Queen.

Who from her finger took a ring,
 Thro' which he did make way,

Not touching it in simple sort,
As it had been in play.

He also cleft the smallest hair,
From the fair Lady's head,



From hurting her whose even hand
Him lasting hours bred.

Such were his deeds and noble acts,
In Arthur's court were shewn,
The like in all the world beside
Before was never seen.

Tom is taken Sick, and dies.

THUS at his sports Tom toil'd himself,
That he a sickness took,
Thro' all which manly exercise
His strength had him forfook.

Where lying on a bed sore sick,
King Arthur's doctors came,
By cunning skill and physic's art,
To ease and cure the same.

He being both slender and tall,
The cunning doctors took
A fine perspective glass, with which
They took a careful look,

Into his sickly body down,
And there they saw that death,
Stood ready in his wasted guts,
To seize his vital breath.

His arms and legs consum'd as small,
As was a spider's web,
Thro' which his dying hours flew,
And all his limbs were dead.

His face no bigger than an ant's,
Which hardly could be seen,

The loss of this renowned Knight
Much griev'd the King and Queen.

And so with grief and quietness
He left the earth below,
And up into the fairy land
His fading ghost did go.

Where the fairy Queen receiv'd
With heavy mournful cheer,
The body of this valiant Knight,
Whom she esteem'd so dear.

For with her flying nymphs in green,
She took him from his bed,
With music sweet and melody,
As soon as life was fled.

For whom King Arthur and his Knights
Full forty years did mourn,
In the remembrance of his name,
That strangely thus was born.

He built a tomb of marble grey,
And year by year did come,
To celebrate the mournful day,
And burial of Tom Thumb.

Whose fame lives here in England still,
Amongst the country sort,
Of whom the wives and children dear
Tell pretty tales in sport.

But here's a wonder come at last,
Which some will scarce believe,
After two hundred years were past,
He did new life receive.

The fairy Queen she lov'd him so,
As you shall understand,
That once again she let him go
Down from the fairy land.

The very time that he return'd
Unto the court again,
It was, as we are well assur'd,
In good King Arthur's reign.

Where in the presence of the King,
He many wonders wrought,
Recited in the Second Part,
Which now is to be bought

In Long-Lane, Smithfield,
They sell fine Histories many,
With pleasant tales as e'er were told,
For purchase of One Penny.

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The Loss of which renown'd Knight,
Much griev'd the King and Queen.

And so with Peace and Quietness,

He left the Earth below,

And up into the Fairy Land,

His Ghost did soaring go:

Which the Fairy Queen received,

With happy mourning Chear,

The Body of this valiant Knight,

Whom she esteem'd so dear.

For with her dancing Nymphs in green,

She fetch'd him from his Bed,

With Music's sweet soft Melody,

So soon as Life was fled :

For whom King *Arthur* and his Knights,

Full forty Days did mourn ;

And in Remembrance of his Name,

That was so strangely born,

He built a Tomb of marble gray,

And Year by Year did come,

To celebrate the mournful Day,

And Burial of *Tom Thumb* :

Whose Fame lives here in *England* still,

Among the Country Sort,

Of whom their Wives and Children small,

Tell Tales of pleasant Sport.

But here's a Wonder come at last,
Which some will scarce believe,
After two hundred Years were past,
New Life he did receive :

The Fairy Queen she lov'd him so,
As you shall understand,
That once a gain she let him go,
Down from the Fairy Land.

The very time that he return'd
Un:o the Court again,
It was, as we are well inform'd,
In good King *Edgar's* Reign :
Where in the Presence of the King,
He many Wonders wrought,
Recited in the **SECOND PART**,
Which now is to be bought:

End of the **FIRST PART.**

